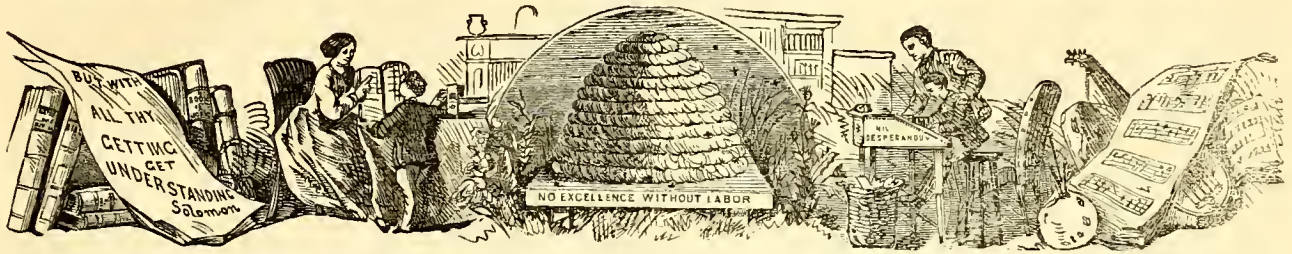


Holiness to the Lord!

The Juvenile Instructor



VOL. 8.

SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

NO. 26.

WOULD IT BE HUMANE?

THERE is a little word which we want to define to our young readers. It is not a new word, but one that has been long in use. The reason we wish to define it is, that very many boys, and we are sorry to say very many grown-up men too, who ought to know better, act as if they had never heard of such a word, or, at least, as if there was not a particle of that quality in their natures, that the word implies. The word we refer to is HUMANE. Worcester defines that little word as meaning the possession of "qualities which become a man as a social being; kind; civil; benevolent; tender." From this, we may infer that a humane person is a sociable being, fit to be a companion, one who observes the Golden Rule — "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you," — one who seeks to make friends by treating those with whom he deals, whether they be human beings or dumb animals, with kindness and tenderness, rather than with harshness and cruelty. Can you not all remember, if you try to think, of instances, either in your own actions or those of others, in which qualities were exhibited not by any means humane? Now we have an example right here, which will serve to illustrate it.

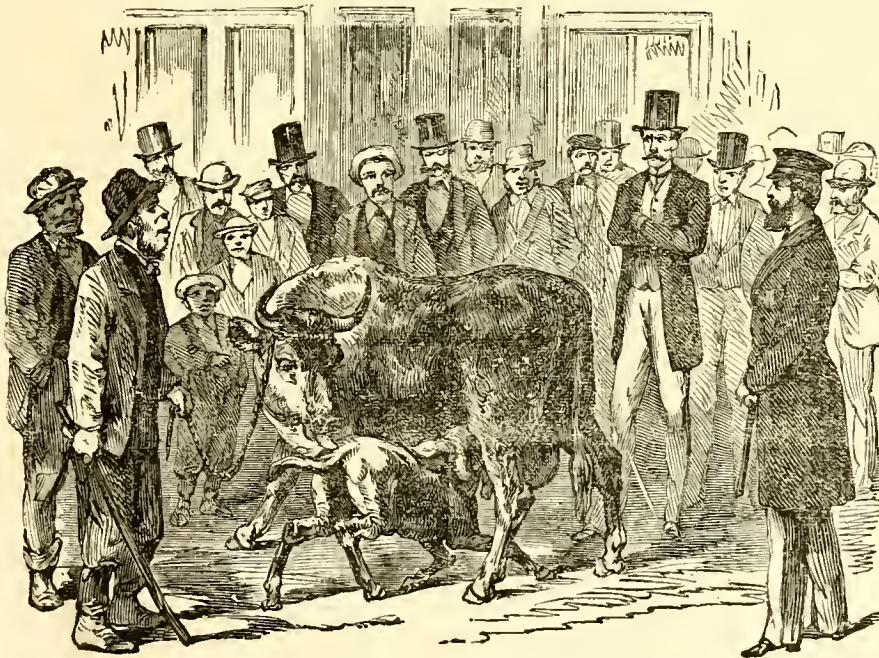
The accompanying engraving shows you a cow, that very useful domestic animal, on which we depend for our milk, our butter and our cheese—for in this country we have no other means of obtaining those articles than by the good old way, though it is said that in some other places they are made without the aid of a cow, by persons who are not humane by any means. We see here the cow's udder or bag seems almost ready to burst, it is so full of milk, while the calf is sucking away and switching its tail about in very glee at the rich treat it is getting. Such a sight as a calf sucking is not very novel to most of our

readers, but there is a story connected with this picture which may be interesting to them.

In New York City a teamster cannot stop his team on the street and beat the poor dumb animals most unmercifully, as we have seen men do here, because they do not act just to suit him, for there is a law there to prevent such cruelty, and he would be arrested if he attempted it. There is also a society there for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the members of which are very humane men, who make it their business to inform the proper officers, if they notice any breach of the law, and have the offender punished or fined, according to his deserts.

On an occasion of a fair in that city, a countryman brought his cow in to enter her at the exhibition; and wishing to have it appear that she was a very great milker, from the size of her udder and teats, he prevented the calf from sucking her and did not milk her for a considerable length of time. When he led her to the fair, her bag was swollen so and she was in such pain for want of being milked, that he could scarcely lead her along. So he armed himself with a stout stick, and

with this he thumped and pelted both the cow and calf as they proceeded. He beat the cow to make her go, and the calf to keep it from sucking. But he received a sudden check in his cruel course, for on the road he chanced to meet a very humane man, the very president of the society before mentioned, who immediately called a policeman, and forced the countryman to halt, right there in the crowded street, long enough to let the calf suck all it could, while quite a crowd assembled to witness the sight. Now this is the scene that we have here pictured in the engraving. We can readily see which is the policeman, by his peculiar dress; and we see no face in all that crowd that



looks half so cruel and devoid of feeling, as the countryman's, who stands holding the cow by the rope, with his cudgel in his hand. We can almost fancy hearing him say in answer to the policeman's demand for him to stop: "Ara! now, would ye be afther interfeerin' wid a man, when its his own baste? Haven't I raised her from a chilt, the same? And would ye be afther eellin' this the fray land of Amiriky?"

Now readers, when passion, ambition, avarice or anything else shall prompt you to act in a manner which is cruel or harsh, remember that nothing will win like kindness; in fact, just stop long enough to ask yourselves the question: would it be *humane*?

[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

A BOY'S VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD (Continued.)

OWING to the shoal water at the mouth of the Tumbes river, vessels anchor in the estuary formed by the sea and a sand-bar near the river's mouth. The country is low and swampy, and covered with tall reeds and mangrove trees, swarming with mosquitoes. The town or city of Tumbes is situated several miles up the river. I did not visit it, but was informed that it was of little or no importance. The day after anchoring all hands under the direction of the mate and cooper, commenced "beekating" the water casks previous to floating them up the river. The court hoop are loosened sufficiently to insert a piece of rope, bent into the shape of a loop, and then re-driven. Four of these beekets are used on one cask. The casks we used were of five barrels capacity each. Twenty-five of the casks are hoisted overboard, and a line rove through the beekets, making a long, narrow raft. The boats are lowered and take the raft in tow, going up the river four or five miles until clear of brackish water. The bungs are then knocked out and the casks are soon filled and re-bunged, and the raft is towed back to the ship. This is the most laborious part of the work, as the casks, when filled, lay deep in the water and tow hard. After getting five hundred barrels of water on board in this manner, the crew had three days' wood chopping on shore, and boating it to the ship. In this time we secured about fourteen cords of mangrove wood. Onions, sweet potatoes and pumpkins were purchased, and we were daily regaled on plantains, bananas and oranges. While here we also feasted on a small but delicious oyster, that was sold to us at the rate of one dollar per barrel in the shell. We remained at the anchorage ten days, during which time the ship was re-stocked with provisions for another six months' cruise; and our captain proposed giving us our semi-annual three day's liberty; but there was considerable objection to the place, on the part of the boat-steerers and crew. We had seen enough of the country and left blood enough with the mosquitoes when cutting the wood. The old man, taking a lesson from the *Amethyst* mutiny wisely concluded to come to terms. So the anchor was hove up and we commenced beating to the southward for Payta. The wind blowing generally from the south along this coast, we had it right in our teeth, but the captain spread the canvas pretty liberally, and the old ship made good time. When twenty miles off Cape Blanco, we fell in with a balsa, like ourselves beating up to windward, but on the opposite tack. This singularly constructed piece of naval architecture is one of the last relics of the ancient Peruvians, still occasionally used, not by the present inhabitants, however, but by the descendants of the Incas, who, in all these years, still hold on to a few of those arts so peculiar to their nationality.

The balsa is constructed by lashing logs of some light wood together transversely until a thickness of four to six feet is gained. On this raft a platform is erected, and a mast stepped, on which is hoisted a large, square sail. The craft is steered

with peculiarly shaped boards, running through the logs into the water. There were eight or ten people on the balsa that we fell in with, including two women, besides quite a cargo of fowls and fruit. The wind was blowing quite stiff at the time, and a heavy sea on. We were all astonished to see how well this singular looking craft kept to the wind. Although not making the speed of our ship through the water, the balsa did not make apparently any more leeway. Indeed I afterwards heard several experienced seamen pronounce the balsa the safest sea-going craft afloat.

Three days after leaving Tumbes we anchored in the harbor of Payta. This little bay affords a good and secure anchorage to vessels, but the miserable little town and the bleak, barren country surrounding is the most desolate I ever looked upon. Treeless and lifeless for hundreds of miles stretches this dreary waste of barren rock and sand. Clustered at the foot of a tall ash-colored cliff are the houses composing this miserable little town, with no fresh water within thirty miles of the place. Not a tree or blade of grass, or sign of vegetation to be seen for miles. Nothing but the burning, dusty, ashy sand hills. No rain has ever been known to have cooled the scorching plain, dried by the salt sea breeze and the furnace-like winds from the Puna mountains. The houses are small and mean, constructed of canes and grey mud. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the two thousand inhabitants correspond in every particular with this burnt out portion of creation. The water you drink is brought a distance of thirty miles on the backs of mules and sold to you at the rate of a real (twelve and a half cents) a gallon. The principal occupation of the men is loafing, while the morals of the females are far below par. Dogs and their attendants—fleas—are the most active and flourishing part of the animal life, the only life in and around Payta.

Historically speaking, the place has little record. Built as a receiving port for the city of Piura, forty-five miles distant inland, it has never gained much importance as a commercial point. While ships frequent the port to give liberty, and the South Pacific mail steamers touch at the place once or twice a month to deliver and receive the mail. This, with an occasional earthquake, shaking a little life into the inhabitants, is about all that keeps them from drying up and drifting away with the ashes that surround them.

In November, 1684, the buccancers, under Captains Swan and Dampier, anchored before the place and demanded a ransom of flour, sugar, wine and water to be brought off to the ships. After waiting six days, they obtained nothing, and in revenge, burnt the town. Afterwards Lord Anson sacked the place; and still later, Lord Cochrane stripped the place of everything, not excepting such articles even as were of no use to the ravagers. As we had already taken in our wood, water and vegetables at Tumbes for the next cruise, our only business at Payta was to give liberty to the crew, and for the captain to arrange some little maritime regulations with the authorities. And then for another six months' hunt for blubber on the broad Pacific.

For several weeks previous to our going into port, I had been revolving in my mind the propriety of running away from the ship. It is true I had signed a contract or bond to remain with her for the voyage, and it might be considered bad faith and dishonorable on my part to desert; but I reasoned all thoughts of this kind down, and, I think, justly. The owners or their agents, from the shipping masters to the ship's captain, had unscrupulously broken all contracts on their part, and why should I hold to mine? The bills presented by the agents against me amounted to ninety dollars. This was for transportation from Philadelphia to Nantucket, and for a shabby outfit, a lot of miserable slops, for which I was charged treble the value of good articles. This, with the money drawn from the ship when at Talcahuana, for which I was charged twenty-five per cent. interest, made my total indebtedness about one

hundred dollars. As a balance to this there were about one and a half barrels of sperm oil, which, valued at the market price when we sailed from home, was worth seventy-five dollars to my credit. Now, not counting the black-fish oil—about one hundred barrels—taken during the voyage, together with the fourteen month's hard work, even though the ship had found me my board, I considered we were pretty nearly square; if anything, the owners had the advantage. Having settled the point to my own satisfaction, a thing easily done when we have it all to ourselves, the next point was how to accomplish my wishes. Of course I was obliged to wait until we went into port to see "how the land lay," as sailors say, and then I could fully make up my mind and come to some decision. No plans could be formed until I could get ashore, and then circumstances might probably be such that I could take advantage of them.

(To be continued.)

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued.)

THE food had to be carefully husbanded. The greater part of the people weighed out their flour and cooked and ate so much per day. Those who were destitute had to be helped, and though there were some cases of selfishness, these were the exceptions; the people generally were kind to each other, and were ready to help to the extent of their power. Bishops Tarleton Lewis and Edward Hunter were appointed to act in behalf of the destitute and to see that they did not suffer. As the food brought in the wagons was not sufficient to supply the wants of the people, recourse was had to such roots as could be procured. One or two persons were poisoned during the winter by eating wild parsnip roots; but sago and thistle roots were dug, and were considered, in the hungry condition the people were then in, a great luxury. In the spring, the thistle-tops were cooked for greens, and pronounced excellent. We scarcely think a mess of thistle tops would be thought a fine dish now; but we remember thinking them the best greens we had ever tasted. The wheat which was brought through as a part of the outfit of the people, was ground at a little mill on City Creek, owned by Bro. Charles Crismon. There was no bolt to the mill, and the flour, shorts and bran had to be eaten together, a very healthy kind of flour, full of strength and nutriment, but not such, perhaps, as people of delicate palates and stomachs would choose. Hunger, however, made this flour very sweet to those who used it, and it proved a most excellent, healthy diet. We think that if we had no bolting cloth in any of our mills at the present time, and the people were to be compelled to eat their flour unbolted, as those did who lived in this Valley at the time we refer to, good health would be much more common than it is. In those days, when an extra fine pan of biscuits was desired, as was sometimes the case on a birthday, or when neighbors visited each other, the house-wife would use a corn meal sieve to take out the coarsest of the bran, and even then the flour was what would now be called very coarse.

Living on short rations was particularly hard on young people who were growing and who had plenty of steady, hard work to do. After living for months without having an opportunity of gratifying the appetite to its full extent, they would be apt to wonder how it was when they had plenty of food, and the privilege of eating all they wished, they ever stopped eating; for in the hungry condition in which they were then, it seemed to them that if they had plenty of food, they would not know how to stop eating it. Their systems, being reduced by the scantiness of their food and the hard labor they had to perform, craved nourishment, and the filling of the stomach

once did not satisfy this craving. We will relate an instance to illustrate this:

A boy who was approaching manhood was allowed the privilege of inviting some of his companions to dinner on his birthday, which happened to be in mid-winter, when the scarcity of food was probably felt more keenly than at any other time during the season of scarcity. At that meal, and for that occasion only, as it was his birthday, food was not to be measured, but all were to eat as much as they pleased. Some of the readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR may have had the experience of living for some time on a short allowance of food. If so, they can easily imagine the feelings of the boy whose birthday was to be thus celebrated. He dwelt with a rare anticipation of enjoyment on the feast in preparation, and made his calculations on the quantity he meant to eat. "I will eat," said he to himself, "enough at that meal to make up for the scantiness of many future meals." But alas! he found, when he had done his best, that he had eaten but little more than his usual rations, and had failed completely in laying up such a store as he had anticipated. He had not been aware until he made this trial, that his stomach had contracted, and had accommodated itself to the limited quantity of food which it received at each meal, and, therefore, could not be so suddenly distended for one meal to suit his wishes. Half an hour after he had eaten, he was hungry again, and could he then have sat down to such another meal, it is probable he could have eaten as much as he did before.

One of the chief causes of thistle tops being so welcome in the spring of 1848 was, they filled up and distended the stomach. Bulk is as necessary as nutriment to food, as the people who lived here in those days learned. To have the stomach full was an agreeable sensation, even if the contents were only thistle tops. People thrived better on a much smaller quantity of flour with plenty of greens, than they did on flour alone, even though the extra flour they ate without the greens might have contained more nutriment than the greens.

The beef used during the winter was generally very poor. The most of the cattle had reached the Valley late in the season, and then had to be worked hard to prepare for winter; of course they had no chance to improve in flesh. Those which were turned out on the range as soon as they reached here did but little more than keep up the flesh they had, without getting fat. Butter and tallow were, consequently, very scarce articles, and the people craved them. Some felt the need of grease of some kind so much that it seemed as if their entrails would crack for want of it. Where milk was freely used this want was not so sensibly felt; but many did not have milk in the winter, and having nothing but the leanest of beef to eat, their natures craved grease of some kind. There was nothing that could contribute to sustain life that was wilfully suffered to go to waste. If an ox mired, and he were too poor to get out or to live if pulled out, his throat was cut and his carcass was used as food. The big grey wolves came down from the mountains in March, 1847, and chased the cattle which were feeding on the east bench in sight of the fort. They succeeded in killing several head. Even those parts of this meat which the wolves had not torn was used for food. Some few persons even tried the flesh of crows to see what nutriment they could extract from it; but we believe where the experiment was made once, it was not repeated.

(To be continued.)

HE may well be contented who needs neither to borrow nor flatter.

REPENTANCE without amendment is like continually pumping without mending the leak.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE O. CANNON

EDITOR.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



OUR volume is closed, the labors of another year are finished; and with heartfelt thanks to the Giver of all good, we dedicate these pages to the glory of His holy name.

To all our readers, young and old, we wish a happy New Year—a foretaste of the eternal happiness we all hope to enjoy; adding to our wish the reminder that they in whose hearts dwells the love of God are the truly happy, as they who strive to do His will are the truly virtuous.

During the past year the enemies of Zion have been far from idle; but failure is written on all their efforts. Zion has grown, her children have prospered and those who have put their trust in God have not been confounded; and 1874 is dawning with fairer prospects to those who love virtue, honor and truth than did the old year, now passing away, for all of which those who love her cause rejoice; but while the joy is ours, the glory and the praise are His.

THE first number of our new volume, enlarged to twelve pages and printed on superior paper, is now ready. Agents and individual subscribers will greatly oblige by sending us their orders at as early a date as practicable.

Of our subscribers we would ask if the efforts made during the past year to instruct and edify the children of God's people have met with their approval, and equalled their expectations? If so, and we sincerely trust that they have, we claim the reward of our labors in the renewal of their subscriptions for the coming volume—the most substantial evidence of their satisfaction. While all the friends of true education in Utah are earnestly invited to give the weight of their influence to increase the circulation of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR in the homes and by the firesides of the Saints, we doubt not that they will only consider that they are doing their share, as we are trying to do ours, in this mission of doing good.

We hope that the bishops throughout the Territory will take an active interest in setting forth before the members of their wards the claims of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR upon their patronage; also that the superintendents and teachers of Sabbath Schools will consider themselves specially commissioned to canvass for subscriptions to it, and thereby benefit their pupils and the Sabbath School cause in the Territory, the organ of which is the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

THE CORNER LOAFER SKETCHED.—The young man on the corner, with his hat a little to one side, the stub of a cheap cigar in his mouth, and a stare for every lady who passes, is a loafer. Do you know where he gets his money? His mother earns it for him by taking in washing. Poor soul! She thinks her boy will get work soon. He could find work to keep him busy fifteen hours a day, if he wanted it. But he is a lazy

loafer, and don't want to work. If he does get a place, he shirks, or does his work so badly that he is soon discharged. He never works for the same man twice. Or, perhaps, he is particular what kind of work he does with his own hands. He looks down on that sweaty carpenter who hurries by him; he nods condescendingly at his friend, the shoemaker, and sends a whiff of smoke into the eyes of the painter with both hands full of paint-pots and brushes. He could not borrow ten cents of one of them. They know he would never pay it. They earn their money. He begs his of his mother. Stylish boy, isn't he?—*Selected.*

AN EXAMPLE.

AT a meeting of the stockholders of a prominent railway corporation, recently held in Boston, there were present two gentlemen, both up in years, one, however, considerably the senior of the other. In talking of the old times gone by, the younger gentleman called the attention of his friends, and told a pleasant little story, which should be read with profit by every poor, industrious and striving lad. We use his own language:

"Nearly half a century ago, gentlemen, I was put upon the world to make my living. I was stout, willing and able considering my tender years, and secured a place in a hardware store, to do all sorts of chores required. I was paid seventy-five dollars a year for my services. One day, after I had been at work three months or more, my friend there, Mr. B., who holds his age remarkably well, came into the store and bought a large bill of shovels and tongs, flat-irons and pans, buckets, scrapers and scuttles, for he was married next day, and was supplying his household in advance, as was the custom in those days. The articles were packed on the barrow and made a load sufficiently heavy for a young mule. But, more willing than able, I started off, proud that I could move such a mass on the wheelbarrow; I got on remarkably well, till I struck the mud road, now Seventh Avenue, leading to my friend B.'s house; there I toiled and tugged, and tugged and toiled, and could not budge the load up hill, the wheel going its full half diameter in the mud every time I tried to propel forward. Finally, a good natured Irishman, passing by with a dray, took my barrow, self and all, on his vehicle, and, in consideration of my promise to pay him a bit, landed me at the house.

"I counted the articles carefully as I delivered them, and, with my empty barrow, trudged my way back, whistling with glee over my triumph over difficulty. Some weeks after, I paid the Irishman the bit, and never got it back from my employers. Mr. B., I am sure, would have remunerated me, but he never before heard this story; so, if he is inclined, he can compromise the debt by sending me a bushel of his rare-ripe peaches next fall. But to the moral. A merchant had witnessed my struggles, and how zealously I labored to deliver that load of hardware; he even watched me to the house, and saw me count each piece as I landed it in the doorway. He sent for me the next day and asked my name, told me he had a reward for my industry and cheerfulness under difficulty in the shape of a five hundred dollar clerkship in his establishment. I accepted, and now, after nearly half a century has passed, I look back and say, I wheeled myself into all I own, for that reward of perseverance was my grand stepping stone to fortune."

The speaker was a very wealthy banker, a man of influence and position, and one universally respected for many good qualities of head and heart.

Boys, take a moral from this story, and be willing and industrious. You do not know how many eyes are upon you, to discover whether you are sluggish or careless, or industrious and willing.—*Selected.*

THE BUFFALO.

OUR article is entitled the Buffalo. By this term we do not refer to the American bison, commonly but improperly called the buffalo; but to the animal represented in our engraving, which our readers will observe is in many respects very unlike the American animal. In fact it is more like the common ox, with whom it is classed by naturalists.

There are several species of buffaloes, the principal of which are—

The Indian (Asiatic) buffalo, which is found both tame and in a wild state. The natives call the wild kind Arna, and the tame Bhainsa. The former is much larger than the latter, standing when full grown, as high as the tallest man. So strong are these creatures that an Arna bull has been known to butt down a good sized elephant with a single stroke of its horns.

The Manilla buffalo is a smaller variety of the Arna. It is a native of the Phillipine Islands in the Indian Ocean.

The African buffalo, sometimes called the Kaffir, or Cape buffalo, is not the least known of the tribe. It is found chiefly in the southern half of the continent of Africa. It is a creature of huge size and great strength, often waging war with the lion and even with man himself. In his encounters with mankind, he is unfortunately often successful, and it is reported among the natives of South Africa that there are more deaths among them, caused by buffalo bulls, than by all the other wild beasts that dwell in that region.

The buffalo is low in proportion to its bulk. Its hide is generally black, its tail long and slender. Its milk is good, and its leather very strong. These animals generally live in small herds, but are sometimes found in herds of considerable numbers. The natives of Western Africa assert that if the foremost of a herd be attacked on its march, all those that follow will retaliate; if one in the middle be selected, all those before will pass on, but those behind will turn upon the enemy; if the last be injured all the rest will continue their journey as if nothing had happened.

The buffalo is a good swimmer, and will readily cross the broadest rivers. On land its gait is heavy and it runs with its nose near the ground, being greatly guided by the sense of smelling.

These animals are very fierce and stubborn, and are tamed with difficulty, but when tamed are used in agriculture and in drawing and carrying burdens, for which they are found very useful, on account of their great strength. It is said that all buffaloes are very much afraid of fire, and have a great dislike to red colors. In general they are very inoffensive if not meddled with, but when wounded or even fired at, their rage becomes terrible, as the following incident will show—

"A party went to hunt a herd of buffaloes which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground. As the hunters could not conveniently get within shot of the game without crossing part of the marsh, which did not afford a safe passage for horses, they agreed to leave their steeds in charge of their Hottentots, and to advance on foot, thinking that if any of the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to escape by retreating across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of a heavy quadruped. They advanced accordingly, and under covert of the bushes approached the game with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three

of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader that he dropped on his knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the huntsmen issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket as he advanced to give him a finishing shot. But no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up, and rushed headlong upon him with a most frightful roar. He caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force that the body fell, dreadfully mangled, into the cleft of a tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until weakened by loss of blood he again sank on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and dispatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead."

TOM'S LESSON.

"GO and get it! Go and get it, I say!" Poor little Dash crept close to his young master's feet, looking up in his face with earnest, pleading eyes, as if he would say, "Please, please don't! I cannot do what you want."

Tom was trying to make Dash swim after a stick which he had just thrown into the river. Now, Dash was not a water dog, having no more love for it than a cat, and foolish Tom was bent on making him one! He kicked the poor little animal away and repeated his order; then, angry that it was not obeyed, seized him and threw him into the water. The dog was sorely frightened, but by hard struggling reached the bank and crawled to his master's feet with a pitiful whine, wet, panting, trembling. The cruel boy caught him up with rough words, and was just going to throw him in again, when a pair of strong arms seized him and a man's voice said, "Here, you young scamp! Now we'll see how you like to swim!"

It was Tom's turn to be frightened. He turned pale, trembled and caught his breath as the stranger lifted him in his stout arms as easily as he had poor Dash; he began to beg. "Oh, sir, pray don't! I cannot swim, indeed I cannot! Oh, don't throw me into the water! I will never, never do so again."

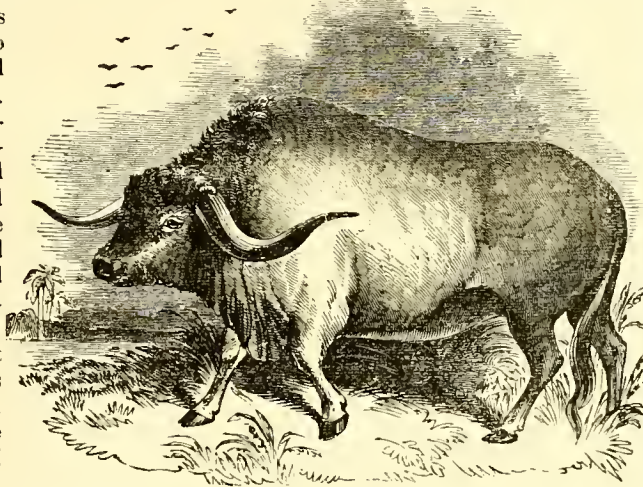
The man paused, but did not let go his hold.

"Neither can your dog swim," said he; "but you meant to make him do it, just to amuse yourself. Why can I not make you do it to amuse me? I am as much larger and stronger than you, as you are larger and stronger than that poor, panting, trembling dog."

Tom still begged and promised, and the stranger at last let him go, saying; "Now, my boy, let me give you a kind word of advice. Never treat another, whether human being or dumb animal, as you would not like to be treated yourself. Never try to make anybody or anything do what God, when he created it, did not make it to do, or to be what he did not mean it to be. If you keep these rules, you will be a better, wiser, happier boy. Good-bye."

And Tom knew in his heart that the man was right, and the lesson, though it seemed severe, had been given in kindness.

THE small courtesies sweeten life; the greater ennoble it.



[For the *Juvenile Instructor*.]

Little Lessons in Chemistry.

ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES.

WITH this number, the eighth volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is completed. Among a vast number of articles that have appeared pertaining to almost every branch of useful knowledge, the important science of Chemistry has been represented with a view to interest the young. It is intended, with the commencement of a new volume, to introduce truths pertaining to physiology, at the same time that elementary chemistry receives attention. Throughout the world the importance of chemical knowledge is now recognized; education is not deemed complete without an adequate comprehension of the sciences, to which chemistry is the grammar. Especially to us, as an agricultural people, is the knowledge imparted by this science desirable. There is nothing to prevent us from at least laying the foundation of a practical scientific education for our young men, or women, either; we are as capable of giving instruction in our schools as they are in other places; most assuredly the capacity to receive information by our youth is equal to that of the most favored lands. But the taste must be created for scientific truths, their utility made apparent, their highest rewards shown to be attainable. This is the aim of these lessons in chemistry, to which still further insight into collateral sciences will, it is hoped, make the acquisition of scientific knowledge even more desirable.

It is, however, only in one direction that knowledge can be imparted in these lessons, so far as chemistry is concerned; the practical handling of bodies is necessary to the student, he must be informed both to know and to do. This requires apparatus, re-agents, suitable buildings and competent instructors. With the desire for these they will appear; knowledge imparted in the laboratory will be made available in the field, in the workshop, in all the arts of life for the more complete development of our material resources.

As oxygen is the most important of the elementary bodies, it will first receive attention. For experimental purposes this is obtained by heating a mixture of chlorate of potash and black oxyd of manganese in the retort. On a small scale other contrivances will be noticed. Potassium and oxygen, chlorine and oxygen are the constituents of the chlorate of potassa. Heat separates the oxygen, which may be conducted into and preserved in a bag for use. Probably some of the most brilliant spectacles of the lecture room are performed by the combustion or oxydation of bodies in oxygen; and it is not too much to say that the greatest truths pertaining to the science of chemistry can be elucidated by the phenomena presented by the chemical union of the different forms of matter with oxygen. [BETH.]

A NOVEL DETECTIVE.

SOME time ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. B., we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept.

"Now," he said, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself; one which I think will illustrate the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it. I have, as you know, given a great deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hairs appear

very much alike, except as they are long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round, the negro's is oval the mouse's apparently jointed, the bat's jagged, and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character; and, what is more, this character varies according to the part from which it is taken.—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this: I once received a letter by post, containing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and adding that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to that effect, and folded it within an envelope, ready for the person who sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. "Oh! yes," I said; "there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope," handing it to him at the same time.

He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter. It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpoena to attend as a witness to a trial for murder. This was very disagreeable, as I have said; but there was no help for it now. The case was thus: A man had been killed by a blow from some blunt instrument on the eyebrow and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hairer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put in the witness-box, and my testimony, "that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised," was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. The jury, however, were not easily satisfied that my statement was worth anything; and it required the solemn assurance of the judge that such a conclusion was within the reach of science to convince them that they might act upon it.

One jurymen in particular—an old farmer—was very hard to satisfy.

"Does thee mean to say," said he, "that thee can tell the hair of any animal?"

I answered that I would not take upon myself to assert positively that I could do so, although I believed I could.

"Well," said he, "I'll prove thee."

The prisoner, as I said, was convicted, and I went home. In a busy life of extensive practice I forgot all about my obstinate old farmer. About two years afterward, however, a person, an utter stranger to me, called on me with a few hairs screwed up in a piece of paper, which he asked me to examine and report upon.

"Is this another murder case?" I asked; "for if so, I will have nothing to do with it. I have had enough of that sort of work."

"No—no," said he, "it is nothing of the kind. It is only a matter of curiosity, which I should be very much obliged to you if you would solve; and if you will do it I will call or send for the result of your examination in a few days' time."

Having received this assurance, I undertook the investigation. When he was gone, and I had leisure, I put the hairs under a microscope, and soon discovered that they were taken from the back of a Norway rat. Two or three days afterward, as I was sitting in my room, an old farmer-looking man was ushered in.

"Well," said he, "has thee looked at them hairs?"

"Yes," I answered, "and I find that they are taken from the back of a Norway rat."

"Well," he exclaimed, "so they are. Thou hast forgotten me, but I have not forgotten thee. Dost thee recollect the trial of murder at L. assizes? I said I would prove thee, and so I have, for them hairs came from the back of a rat's skin my son sent me from Norway."

So the old gentleman was quite satisfied with the proof to which he had put me, and I, as you may suppose, was well pleased that my skill and sagacity had stood such a queer test as this, and more convinced than ever of the value of the microscope.

Here the doctor ended his story, which I have given, as nearly as possible, in his own words, and upon which I believe that a thorough dependence may be placed.—[*Journal of Microscopy.*]

HINDOO CLEANLINESS.

DURING a seven years' residence in India, I never knew of water being drawn from ponds or pools for cooking or drinking purposes. While on journeys, be they ever so long, or the heat ever so great, the natives will not drink except they can obtain water from good wells or running streams, and in their own dishes, which they always carry with them. As for foul smells, I would far rather take my chances for pure air in any city or town of India than in two-thirds of the wards of any city in America where the population exceeds fifteen thousand inhabitants.

The crows, vultures, pariah dogs, jackals and the periodical rains, which come in torrents and wash away every remnant of filth, are a more effective board of health than any we know of in this enlightened country. There are no out-houses there to send out night and day the horrid effluvia which taints the air of all our towns and cities. There is a caste of people called *mehtars*, whose inherited occupation it is to do the sweeping and to remove the filth from the houses and the streets, and who are paid by the families or by the village or city authorities. All filth is incessantly removed by them to some out-of-the-way place, and at the proper time it is taken for enriching the fields or for burning brick.

The immense waste and decomposition of animal and vegetable matter, caused by the prodigality of the American people, is entirely unknown in India. Carefulness and strict economy of food are absolutely necessary. That there are stagnant pools and uncleanness is not to be denied, but comparatively India has greatly the advantage of America.

In personal cleanliness, the people of the plains of India are incomparably in advance of the Americans or Europeans. The Abbe Dubois, who spent eighteen years of research and inquiry among the Hindoos, "as one of them, conforming exactly in all things to their manners, to their style of living and clothing, and even to most of their prejudices," says: "In their conduct and the whole intercourse of life, the Brahmins have nothing so much at heart as cleanliness," and goes on to recite a great number of circumstances which render it necessary for a Brahmín to bathe. They always bathe before preparing or eating food. All good Brahmíns bathe once a day, fastidious ones three times. Other castes, though not so strict as the Brahmíns in washing their bodies and garments, are yet cleaner than Western nations. Many of the poorer and lower castes are dirty through extreme poverty and over work, but I hardly think that there could be found one who could say, as did an English laborer on being prescribed a bath for a certain ailment, "I haven't washed for this 'ere forty year, and I'll not begin now."—*Selected.*

LEARN ALL YOU CAN!—Never omit an opportunity to learn all you can. Sir Walter Scott said that even in a stage coach, he always found somebody who could tell him something he did not know. Conversation is frequently more useful than books for purposes of knowledge. It is, therefore, a mistake to be morose and silent among persons whom you think ignorant, for a little sociability on your part will draw them out, and they

will be able to teach you something, no matter how ordinary their employment. Indeed, some of the most sagacious remarks are made by persons of this description, respecting their particular pursuit. Hugh Miller, the Scotch geologist, owed not a little of his fame to observations made when he was a journeyman stone-mason and working in a quarry. Socrates well said that there was but one good, which is knowledge, and one evil, which is ignorance. Every grain of sand goes to make a heap. A gold digger takes the smallest nuggets, and is not fool enough to throw them away because he hopes to find a huge lump some time. So in acquiring knowledge, we should never despise an opportunity, however unpromising. If there is a moment's leisure, spend it over good or instructive talking with the first you meet.

STICK TO IT.—We earnestly entreat every young man, after he has chosen his vocation to stick to it. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck, or disagreeable work performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless, unstable class, but may be reckoned among such as took off their coats, rolled up sleeves, conquered their prejudices against labor, and manfully bore the heat and burden of the day. Whether upon the old farm, where our fathers toiled diligently, striving to bring the soil to productivity; in the machine shop or factory, or the thousand other business places that invite honest toil and skill, let the motto ever be: "Perseverance and industry." Stick to one thing, boys, and you will have success.

A DISTRIBUTION of prizes occurred at the 12th Ward Sabbath School of this city, on the 7th inst., when books to the value of nearly one hundred dollars were awarded to the pupils, according to merit, for punctual attendance, good behavior, application to studies, etc., all reflecting credit upon the school and upon Bro. R. Campbell as superintendent.

An examination of the Beautiful Sabbath School under Supt. J. Keynaston, was held on the 14th inst., when a large number of books were given as rewards to the children.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christmas, once more, is drawing near—

The merriest time of all the year;
And children much impatience show
To know where Santa Claus will go

And many a one prepares with care,
Christmas gifts for "here" and "there,"
Hoping that they each in turn
Something from Santa Claus may learn.

And many little ones long to know
How large their stockings then will grow;
Whether Santa Claus will bring them joy,
In fine new dress, or book, or toy.

Yet may the merry little folks
Amid their laughter, fun and jokes,
Forget not, tho' their hearts are gay,
Many are sorrowful that day.

Because they have no friends to send
Christmas presents without end,
To make them on their Christmas day,
Happy as those who around them play.

And now, I hope, good children all,
From Santa Claus you'll have a call,
And that he will such gifts bestow,
That each dear child some joy may know.

SPANISH FORK.

A. R.

OUR OWN SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(TUNE:—*Sweet Bye and Bye, From the Emerson Organ Method.*)

WORDS BY WM. WILLES.

MUSIC BY J. P. WEBSTER.

SONG & CHORUS

There's a theme for the old and the young, that is worthy the pen of a sage. It is sounding from every tongue, And em-blazoned on his-to-ry's page.

CHORUS.

'Tis our own Sunday School, Let it echo from every Sunday School, 'Tis our own Sunday School, 'tis our own Sunday School, Let it echo from every Sunday School, Let it echo from every tongue.

'Tis our own Sunday School, Let it echo from every tongue, Sunday School, 'Tis our own Sunday School, 'Tis our own Sunday School, Let it echo from every tongue, Sunday School, Sunday School, Sunday School, Let it echo from every tongue.

echo from every tongue.

echo from every tongue.

echo from every tongue.

*After last Verse Repeat Chorus, Diminuendo
gradually to the end.*

"Feed my lambs," said the Savior, of old,
Keeping guard, lest the wolves should assail;
We know they are cunning and bold,
If we're watchful, they cannot prevail.

The power of the priesthood shall stand,
And prevail o'er the land and the sea;
King Jesus will take the command,
And the earth from all evil be free.

PUZZLE.

From six take nine, from nine take ten,
From forty take fifty, and let six remain!

B.

(To be Answered in next Volume.)

THE answer to the Charade in Number 23 is **INTEMPERANCE**. We have received correct answers from J. Webster, Taylorsville, C. Deuney, G. W. Callister and Joseph Wilson, Salt Lake City.

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